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INVITATION TO TORMENT.

Chapter L - The Advertisement.

"Look good and feel good in the rain!!" For further details ring COR 1923 for appointment."

So read the lovely Coral Mintern - 23 year old model in a fashion magazine.

She looked up from the magazine and glanced out of the window of her flat in Hampstead - it was raining heavens hard and everywhere had a gloomy depressing feeling. Her girl friend with whom she shared the flat had gone on holiday for a fortnight and she, Coral had only the previous night roved with her boyfriend - so she felt a bit down in the dumps - and to add to all this was the wet weather. The only solace was this advert which had caught her eye.

She picked up the phone and dialled the number, and was answered by a pleasant sounding woman's voice.

Coral said: "Please could you let me have some more details about your advertisement in the current edition of 'Weather Fashions'?"

"But of course," replied the woman's voice. "We cater both for men and women - but especially for the fair sex. It is our aim to create really original clothes for our lady clients to wear in wet weather. Clothes that will thrill and flatter - which will look really fetching and fashionable. Each garment is individually tailored and made and is a joy to wear. Would you like to call round to our showroom and let me show you exactly what I mean?"

"Yes indeed," replied Coral. "I am free at the moment - when may I call?"

"Well there is no time like the present is there? Why not call as soon as you can manage. Our showroom is just off of Marylebone High Street - 'Sublime Modes'"

12, Channington Court, Waverborough Street. Can you find us?"

"Oh yes I think so," returned Coral. "I live at Hampstead so I'll be there in about an hour."

"Good, my partner and I will look forward to seeing you then".

Coral put the phone and got ready to go out. She put on her black leather boots and white riding sack. She also put on a shiny black PVC hat and picked up her umbrella, and set off for Channington Court.

The journey did not take long and in just under the hour she was ringing the bell of Sublocta Lodge. Channington Court was a quiet cul-de-sac, and in answer to her ring the door of No 12 was opened to her.

"I rang about an hour ago," said Coral.

"Ah yes you are the young lady from Hampstead," replied the woman who had opened the door.

Coral looked in astonishment at the woman who was wearing a glossy black dress; as she held the door open for Coral to enter.

She closed the door behind the lovely girl and led the way up a flight of stairs to the first floor of the building, where they entered a small office. The woman assisted Coral to take off her sack and then hung it on a cloakstand.

"Do sit down Miss ---?"

"Mintern - Coral Mintern," replied Coral.

"Do sit down Miss Mintern. I can see that you are astonished at my dress. It fits me rather well don't you think. It is made of heavyweight black rubber latex.

It is beautifully smooth and of course completely waterproof. But of course it is not a garment that is worn out of doors when it is raining. I must explain how captivating these clothes of rubber can become."

My lady partner and I design and make clothes which we find make the wearer look and feel good. And when I say look and feel good I mean exactly that. Wearing clothes that we make gives a completely new dimension to life. Clothes that thrill and excite - This I expect you will find difficult to appreciate - but if you will approach what I have said with a open mind we will do our best to convince you to our way of thinking. Not only do we design in rubber but also in leather. These materials are the only ones we normally use. They really are most stimulating."

"That you have told me is most interesting," commented Coral. "Can you show me any of your models?"

"Indeed we can," responded the woman. "I expect that initially you would be interested in mackintoshes and raincoats. If you would like to follow me through to the Showroom my partner will model some for you."

Coral followed the woman through to the next room where she was amazed to find herself in a showroom of full length satin drapes and glass fronted cupboards.

"This is Madame Satara," said the woman, "and I am Madame Leardo."

Coral shook hands with the other woman in her early forties who was also dressed in a clinging black rubber latex dress.

"I have explained the attractiveness of clothes made of rubber and leather," said Madame Leardo to her partner, "and Miss Minter is interested in mackintoshes. Perhaps you could model some of our creations for her, so that she may see just how attractive they are."

"By all means," replied Madame Satara. "It will be

a pleasure to introduce such an attractive young lady to the delights of clothes made of leather and rubber."

Coral was motioned to an armchair in which she made herself comfortable. Madame Sature went to one of the cupboards and took from it a flashing black rubber latex mackintosh. It had zip fastened sleeves which enabled it to fit snugly about the wrists once she had slipped it on. A broad 3" belt she fastened about her waist closely, and also pulled the folds of the mack to each side of the lovely garment. It was double breasted and was attractively fixed down the left handside. The high collar was turned up about her head framing her face in a most becoming way. She also drew on a pair of closely fitting black rubber gloves over her hands fastening them to the sleeves of her mackintosh. Then she pulled on a pair of closely fitting black rubber boots.

"There that is the outfit," exclaimed Madame Leacote. "With the hood that can be attached to the collar of the mack drawn up over the head - the wearer is protected in the fullest way possible from the heaviest rain, as well as looking most attractive. See how the smooth rubber gleams and shines as Madame Sature moves - the delightful sound of rustling rubber too adds to the satisfaction and fascination of wearing a black rubber raincoat. The inside is lined with smooth lighter weight rubber latex which fits extremely comfortably of the wearer's skin and other clothes - a perfect garment for the wettest of days don't you think?"

"I am intrigued beyond measure," replied Coral, "the mackintosh looks a wonderful garment."

She reached out to feel it.

"It feels so smooth and sleek. I would indeed like to have one."

"The whole outfit costs 25 guineas," replied Madame

Sature. "If you would like to let us measure you now, we could have it ready for you by Thursday."

"That would be wonderful," said Coral, "I am on holiday at the moment and have no more modelling engagements for a while."

The two older women then measured the lovely Coral for her first black rubber latex mackintosh - boots - and gloves. They took meticulous care and when they had eventually finished they helped Coral back on with her white riding mask.

"I am sure that when you have your new mackintosh you will be totally dissatisfied with this present coat of yours," exclaimed Madame Learube. "Will next Thursday then - will 4.00 pm be alright for you to call?"

"Yes yes," said Coral. "4.00 pm Thursday", as she left the showrooms.

Chapter II. - The Abduction.

Coral Wintern could hardly contain herself when Thursday eventually arrived. The time seemed to pass so slowly. She dressed for her appointment. She tried to imagine what would go with her new black rubber raincoat, and then remembered that she had a black leather mini skirt which she had modelled for a Salon, one which they said she could keep. She had hung it up in one of her cupboards and had forgotten all about it until now. She put it on. Ma yes she thought - just right. - a flame red silk blouse to go with it. She would look terrific, once she had dressed in her black rubber outfit.

It was just after 4.00 pm when Coral arrived at Rubicote Moine. The door was opened to her by Madame Learube.

"Come on in my dear," exclaimed the woman who was wearing a slim line dress in smooth black supple leather.

Coral followed her up the stairs to the Showroom where Madame Sature greeted her.

"How lovely to see you again. I expect that you are longing to try on your black rubber outfit."

"Yes indeed," replied Coral, as she took off her coat. "I put this blouse and mini skirt on as I thought that they would go well with my new shiny black rubber mackintosh."

"How wonderful," said Madame Learube, "they will go very well with your mackintosh."

The lovely model took off her shoes and the black rubber boots were fitted on her feet and legs. Then she stood up and waited whilst the lovely flashing crinkling black rubber mackintosh was taken from one of the cupboards and off of it's hanger. She slipped her arms into it and allowed Madame Sature to fasten it for her. The rubber gloves were drawn on over her hands and fastened to the sleeves of her mackintosh.

"There," said the woman - looking at her in her new black rubber outfit. "What do you think of yourself?"

Coral gazed at herself in a full length mirror - turned and looked at her figure from all angles. She turned up the high collar.

"It's marvellous," she said, "the mackintosh fits me so well"

"So indeed you look good and feel good," said Madame Learube.

"We must drink to your outfit in rubber," exclaimed Madame Saturn, and she brought a tray of drinks from a small table.

All three drank and Coral turned to look at herself once more in the mirror when all of a sudden she began to feel the room going round and round before she eventually lost consciousness.

At an indeterminate time later Coral regained her senses. What had happened to her??? She remembered the Showroom and trying on the mackintosh and having a drink - that was it - it must have been drugged. She was amazed to find that she was in some dungeon like room. She was chained at wrist and ankle so that her movements were severely limited. She pulled on the chains in efforts to loose them - but it was no good - they were too securely fixed to the wall. Coral found that she was still dressed in her new shiny black rubber mackintosh and boots; but was astonished to find that she was naked underneath her mask. All her clothes had been removed. Her mind was still confused and full of fears and unanswered questions as to why she was here in this dungeon so helplessly chained. All her struggles were useless, the chains just would not give, and after a while she gave up struggling and stood there with her lovely rubber covered breasts heaving up and down in a delightful but entirely agitated manner. Her arms which were chained wide apart above her head began to ache the longer she was left in this chained out position. The heels of the lovely black rubber boots that she was wearing were quite high - higher than the heels of the normal shoes that she wore, and she found that she was unused to them for they made her feet ache. The longer she remained in this helpless position the more uncomfortable she became.

A sort of numbness had come over her lovely figure by the time Madame Saturn and Madame Leandre entered the dungeon. Both women were wearing eye masks and full



length cloaks of gleaming black rubber which gave them a fantastic and mysterious appearance.

to

They walked slowly up/the beautifully chained Coral. They stood there silent before her for a few seconds whilst the lovely girl renewed her struggles and screams demanding to know why she was so helplessly chained, and why she had been brought to this dungeon.

"Silence girl," hissed Madame Saturn harshly.

"How dare you scream and protest. You must learn how to control your wayward impulses. Allow me to acquaint you with your new position in life. No longer are you Coral Winter - a 28 year old fashion and photographic model - you are to become our lovely slave model. You shall wear wonderfully designed clothes of rubber and leather - you will have your shapely figure maintained at the highest peaks of sensitivity. It returns for that exciting pleasure we shall use your body as a subject on which to experiment. Madame Leardie and I are intensely interested to see what your reactions will be to these experiments. They will test your strength - your endurance - and in some cases your desire. We cannot pretend that they will not be painful - and because your lovely body will have been made so sensitive you will be made aware of this pain all the more. At the beginning you will scream and struggle with fear, but if you are sensible you will subjugate your natural feelings to enjoy the thrilling luxury of being erotically clad in rubber or leather. If you remain too obstinate it will all the worse for you because we will break down your spirit and your will until you obey automatically our commands. You will not hesitate because your mind would be entirely in our control."

Coral's eyes grew wider with fear as she heard what the cruel woman said. She started to scream and struggle again making her lovely glossy black rubber macintosh sparkle and gleam continuously.

"Cease your struggles and cries you stupid girl," hissed Madame Learube, "or else I shall flog you."

Coral was so full of fear that she disregarded what Madame Learube had said. The women then produced a whip quickly - undid Coral's neck and flicked the lash painfully across her thighs. A piercing scream left the girl's lips, before she lapsed into silence.

"We shall now prepare your lovely figure in such a way so that it will appreciate the lovely clothes in which it will be clad. The sensitivity of your gorgeous figure will be raised terrifically. We shall turn you into a complete and utter fetishist of rubber and leather."

Then Coral was released from her chains and taken from the dungeon along to a special Preparation Room which was silver and white in decoration and furnishings. Here her crinkling mackintosh and high heeled boots were removed. Naked she was plunged into a warm scented bath where she was left to soak for about 20 minutes. Then she was taken out and dried and placed on a marble massage slab and massaged until her skin became really alive. An electrically driven stimulator was smoothed over every inch of her inch skin toning it up to a very high degree. Body toning oils were then rubbed into her skin so that it shone like satin. Coral now responded to the merest touch. Madame Learube ran a finger down the beautiful girl's body from her neck to her navel making her sigh and moan with ecstasy.

"Do you see how alive and vital we have made your shapely body," whispered Madame Satara confidentially. "Don't you long to wear clothes made of leather and rubber now?"

Then Coral was heavily and expertly made up, and when this had been done she was taken next door to the Dressing Chamber. All round the walls were cupboards full

of the most exciting rubber and leather clothes. Then her figure was very carefully measured after which she was dusted down with talcum powder.

"This will be the first time that you have been completely dressed in rubber my dear Coral," said Madame Learube, "What a thrill it is going to be for you. It will be as well for you to enjoy it before we start our experiments."

Then Madame Sabara brought from one of the cupboards a simply fantastic looking shining crinkling heavyweight black rubber latex one piece suit. Coral looked at it incredulously.

"Just wait until this gorgeous suit is fitting over your curves," commented one of the women.

Then the suit was fitted carefully on Coral. The legs part was rolled over and up her lower limbs and then strained over her thighs. At once Coral was aware of the clamping restricting feeling of the rubber. Then the suit was strained over her hips. She was ordered to fit her arms into the cool sleeves and with more straining and adjustment these were fitted into place over her upper limbs. Then she was continually told to breathe in whilst the zip down the back of the suit was slowly closed, from the back of her slender waist to the top of the high collar which fitted about her neck. The suit fitted so closely that even when she breathed in deeply the rubber still followed the curves and contours of her body just as if it had been glued to her skin. She was amazed at how tightly it fitted. It was as if she had been cocooned in rubber. Although she was still terribly frightened she could not deny that she felt thrilled by the silky warmth of the suit. She looked down at her shapely body and drew a tentative finger across the smooth rubber that covered her hips.

"What a revelation the suit must be for you Coral," said Madame Satou. "But we haven't finished dressing you yet, not by any means. When we have finished with you you will truly be A Girl of Rubber."

Coral was then led to sloping backed chair and ordered to sit in it. Then a simply fantastic pair of thigh length heavyweight smooth black rubber latex boots were brought before her and very carefully fitted over her feet and legs until they were fitting well up her slender thighs. Then additionally a pair of smooth shoulder length black rubber latex gloves were fitted over her hands and arms. In these ways her shapely limbs were doubly covered in rubber.

Coral looked at herself again in the full length mirrors which covered the whole of one side of the room. She was so taken aback and thrilled at the sight and feel of her rubber clad figure. Just the normal movement of her body caused by breathing made the rubber of her suit gleam and crinkle deliciously.

She got up out of the chair with some difficulty, to teeter about rather uncertainly on the towering heels of her boots. She had never been perched up on heels like this before, and it took her quite a while to become used to them.

Then the two women took her along to the Photographic Room.

"It is only right and proper that we record the lovely sight of your body dressed in rubber for the first time isn't it?" commented Madame Lapube. "I don't suppose that you imagined that you would ever pose as a model clad in the exotic outfit which you now wear."

Surrounded by arc lights Coral was ordered to pose whilst several photographs were taken of her in different poses. She felt herself becoming quite warm inside her

skin tight fitting rubber suit. Eventually the woman took her out of the Photo Room and back to the Preparation and Dressing Room, where her beautiful tresses of long blonde hair were coiled on top of her head. She wondered why this had been done and didn't have very long to wait before she found out.

Madame Learube measured Coral's head very carefully and methodically before bringing a black coloured box from one of the cupboards and setting it down in front of the mystified Coral.

"I must say that you look very exciting in your black rubber clothes," said Madame Saturn. "I advise you to revel and luxuriate in the feeling that they give you. With you shapely figure prepared in such a sensitive way you are in a position to be thrilled and stimulated by your rubber clothes as never before. Now we come to the completion of your dressing, for inside this box is a beautiful helmet of rubber. It is a discipline helmet - and it does exactly as it's name implies - it disciplines the head of it's wearer. It can deprive you of all of your senses except that of smell. It will provide an absolutely perfect complement to your gloriously skin tight fitting suit."

As the helmet was withdrawn from the box the lovely Coral began to scream and struggle.

"Oh no - no please let me go - do not put that helmet on my head - oh please - please no - no!!!" she screamed.

Madame Saturn and Learube summoned two of their muscular girl assistants to quell the lovely Coral's writhings - and this they soon achieved.

"You are such a stupid creature if you think that we shall listen to your pleadings," hissed Madame Saturn.

"Do not forget that you are about to lead an entirely new type of life where you have no say as to what happens to your lovely body- all you have to do is to offer it for our use without any complaint so that we may use it for any experiment that we wish." Thus you will have to achieve a discipline of your shapely figure clad in superb exotic clothes of rubber or leather."

"This helmet is not the most severe that we could fit over your head and face," continued Madame Leorube. "that we will leave to later. Suffice to say that the one which now will be fitted over the whole of your head and face will render you speechless and deaf. On this occasion we shall permit you the luxury of sight, but not so on another occasion. Then we shall take you to a dungeon and leave you to meditate upon your position."

Then the helmet was unzipped down the back and partially turned inside out by Madame Sature. She then held the front part of the neck against Coral's and then carefully brought the helmet up over the lovely girl's head and face until it was fitting loosely in position. Then the zip was refastened a little at a time by Madame Leorube as Madame Sature smoothed the rubber backwards over her captor's pretty heavily made up face. The more the zip was closed the tighter the helmet fitted until the zip had been closed right down to the bottom of the neck. Here the zip clasp was locked to the clasp of the suit closely about her neck.

Coral all of a sudden had been plunged into a world of soundlessness, for special rubber plugs fitted to the inside of her helmet had been forced into her ears. There was no mouth piece and so the rubber fitted closely over her mouth. Now she was totally and comprehensively enclosed in skin tight beautifully fitting shiny black rubber latex. The tightness to which her helmet fitted was almost unbelievable. Every single contour of her head and face was exactly imaginable under the sleek rubber skin. Her body was beautifully

imprisoned in rubber. She could see through two narrow perspex covered eye slits. She was taken away to a dungeon which was ankle deep in icy cold water. She was forced against one of the walls where her rubber covered arms were lifted up and chained about her wrists to the wall above her head. Her booted legs were then fettered about her ankles to the base of the wall. In this way she was allowed the barest minimum of movement. The chains had been fitted in such a way as to hold her arms quite tightly above her head, and as time passed it seemed to the lovely Coral that the pressure was getting greater. This was because she was finding it more difficult to stand in her stilt heeled boots. They made her feet and legs ache because she was not used to wearing them, and also because she could not move in them. Therefore she tended to let the weight of her entirely rubber clad body be placed on her arms.

She hung there - she stood there for an indeterminate length of time, the agonies of cramp increasing incessantly. She was always aware of the closeness of her rubber clothes that she was wearing. She breathed in the smell of rubber of her helmet - a strange compelling smell because her figure had been made so sensitive.

Chapter III - The Cyale Trainer.

Eventually she was released from her chains and was half carried - half dragged away to the Preparation Chamber as she suffered an agonising attack of 'pins and needles'. Back in this chamber she was systematically stripped of all of her rubber clothes. Her beautiful naked figure was then thrust into a warm scented bath against she felt the relief of soothing warm water.

Ten minutes later she was taken out - dried - massaged - and heavily made up once more. Coral looked at her naked body in the mirror glass - she had never really appreciated how shapely a figure she had until these two

women had prepared it and then dressed it in rubber. Her mind was so confused - she would love to be dressed in rubber again because it thrilled her so much - but then she feared what her captors would do to her once she had been dressed.

"What do you think of wearing rubber now my dear Coral?" enquired Madame Leoribe as she noticed the lovely girl looking at her self - "I expect that you would like us to dress you in rubber again so that it will thrill you - but we have something else in which to dress you which can be just as thrilling - and that is leather. Clothes carefully designed in this material can give a terrific amount of satisfaction. Then we shall submit you to a little experiment which will test your fitness."

Once again Coral was told to lay in the sloping chair whilst a pair of boots were fitted over her shapely lower limbs. These boots were made of the smoothest black leather skin, and once they had been fitted on they looked magnificent on her legs - they were of full thigh length and fitted well up her legs. Then a pair of beautifully fitting black leather shoulder length gloves were fitted on her arms and hands. These gloves were immaculately fitting and wonderfully supple. They really did fit like a skin.

Then came the fitting of a specially constructed leather bra - it was made of the softest black leather and lined with smooth lightweight rubber latex. It was fitted over Coral's beautiful breasts in such a way that it held them in wonderful positions of shapeliness. They were held by the bra in such a way that the outline of her breasts was made even more shapely than was normal. The upper slopes of her breasts were left uncovered by this uniquely designed bra. Anyone looking at the lovely Coral for the first time would immediately have been aware of the shapeliness of her bust.

Then she was clad in a perfectly tailored black leather mini skirt. It fitted her wonderfully well and just covered the tops of her boots. Then there followed a close fitting 'battle dress' type jacket in smooth black leather. It had a high fitting neck and was fastened by a zip down the front. The sleeves, also were zipped tightly into place. Thus she was clad in something looking smooth sexy black leather. She really did present a most desirable picture standing there in all her leather finery. Her splendid curves were magnificently emphasised by her black leather clothes. Again she gazed at herself in a full length mirror. Coral Mintern - the seductive girl in smooth black leather. Then a beautiful shiny black rubber heavydight mackintosh was brought from one of the cupboards, but just before Coral was dressed in it Madame Saturn spoke to her:

"I almost forgot to loosen that zip on your jacket we must have glimpses of that lovely bust of yours from time to time. It will look magnificent framed in black leather."

So the zip was loosened for about $\frac{1}{2}$ of it's length. This enabled the woman to have views of Coral's heaving breasts. Madame Léarube's hands slipped inside the jacket and fondled the poor girl's breasts in such a way that she moaned with pleasure. Then the mackintosh was put on over her leather garments, fastened and adjusted until it was fitting her in a curve emphasising way. She glanced at herself yet again and was terribly thrilled at the rustling noise the mackintosh made when she moved. She was also delighted at the way the sack slid so beautifully over her leather clothes. The combination of leather and rubber was terrific.

"What do you think of yourself now Coral Mintern?" said Madame Léarube. "Leather and rubber are a fantastic combination aren't they?"



"You have made my body so sensitive that I cannot help thrilling to the feeling of these exotic clothes. But please - what are you going to do to me now?"

"Just you concern yourself with your clothes my girl," countered Madame Learube. "you no longer have any control over what happens to your lovely figure."

The superbly clad girl was then taken away to a dungeon, where she was confronted by the sight of a bicycle mounted and fixed on rollers.

As Coral had her lovely mackintosh removed Madame Satura smiled evilly at her and said:

"Have you ever used a cycle trainer before? Even if you haven't you will have an excellent opportunity to now. This will be a splendid way of seeing how fit you are and we shall give you plenty of encouragement as you turn the wheels - Just you see!"

Then she was ordered to take off her leather jacket and also her mini skirt.

"Must I take them off?" queried Coral, "I do so enjoy wearing them."

"You are here to obey all commands," snapped Madame Learube. "You will be left on the cycle trainer for an extra five minutes for not obeying orders straight away."

Reluctantly she unsipped her jacket and skirt and removed them, and then Madame Satura unfastened the special bra that Coral had been wearing. This left her clad in boots and gloves and nothing more.

"Mm - just right for the Cycle Trainer," said one of the women as she was made to walk over to the cycle trainer. Coral stood there in her high heeled skin boots

shivering with pleasure as a finger was drawn down the middle of her bare back. She stood by the cycle trainer until she was ordered to mount the machine. The saddle was tremendously high and it was quite an effort for her to get up on to it. The handle bars were much lower and she had to lean well down and forward to grasp them. Her boots were strapped across her insteps to the pedals. A metal band was locked about her slender waist and a thin length of link chain was then fixed to it in the front down to the saddle. Her leather covered wrists were then chained to the handlebars. It was now impossible for her to get off of the machine.

"So now my dear," said Madame Learube, "You are going to cycle for a distance of five miles as fast as you can. You are in a hurry to get to a 'Glove and Shoe Party'. But we have a little refinement to assist your cycling."

Madame Sature then produced two terminal clips which she fastened over each of Coral's beautiful pink erect nipples. The pressure was not great but was sufficient to prevent her from shaking them off. The terminals were attached to wires which in turn were plugged into a graduated battery unit.

Coral screamed when she felt the clips grasp her tender flesh, but there was absolutely nothing that she could do. Positioned as she was - her lovely breasts hung down and started to shimmy and shake in a most attractive way as she started to peddle the wheels round. Soon she had them whirring round - by this time she had had a hard rubber ball gag thrust into her mouth - to silence her cries.

"You will find my dear," said Madame Sature, "that it is very hard work - but you must keep pedalling - there must be no skidding down. The revolutions must not fall below a certain minimum. If they do the current will be

switched on through this battery. Your nipples will feel warm - but if you allow the speed to drop right down then a much stronger dose and also a longer one will be passed through the wires and it will prove quite painful for you. So it is entirely up to you to keep the wheels moving. Additional encouragement will be given to you by using a flexible split bamboo cane on those lovely bare buttocks of yours. So girls!! start pedalling - pedalling really fast to cover your five miles."

Coral's lovely booted legs moved up and down most rhythmically at first and she had no difficulty in keeping the revolutions of the wheels going. But she soon became tired and her legs started to feel heavier. Her lovely mature breasts swung to and fro as she pedalled away. She strove to keep the wheels moving but she had only done four miles when she felt a warm tingling sensation passing through her nipples. Then all of a sudden there was an agonising shooting pain as the first sharp charge of current was passed through the wires. She redoubled her efforts to keep the wheels moving at the required pace. She was able to achieve this for a short time but found that her legs were now like lumps of lead. Another longer span of current shot through her nipples and this was followed by another. This time she lost all control of her body but did not fall off of the machine because she was too securely fastened to it. She had reached $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles - she must somehow reach five miles. She pedalled again and then felt the stinging lash of the cane across her very sensitive bare bottom. Blows were administered in a methodical way until at last she reached the five mile target.

Then the clips were taken off and Coral was released from the machine. She collapsed to the floor - from which she was picked up and remocked and taken back to the Preparation Chamber.

Chapter IV - The Water Seck.

It took Coral a day or two to get over the effects of the torment of the cycle trainer, but during the whole of this time her lovely body received the closest attention. So by the time that the two women decided to experiment on her again it was at the highest peak of sensitivity.

Coral had been brought from the Lounging Chamber to the Preparation Chamber wearing a flashing looking outfit in silver leather. Boots - delicious mini skirt, half jacket with a high fitting neck and tight sleeves.

Coral was then stripped of these clothes. Then she was thrillingly clad in a one piece skin tight fitting suit of shining black rubber. It was zipped up the back so that it covered her delectable curves very closely. Thigh length boots were then fitted over her feet and legs and shoulder length gloves over her arms and hands. Then a really heavyweight three quarter length black rubber latex cloak was draped over her shoulders and fastened across her mature breasts. The attached hood was then drawn up over her head. She looked a fascinating sight of gleaming black rubber.

Then she was taken away down to one of the dungeons. She was taken into one of them. It was a smallish place with an array of metal chains dangling against the walls. But slowly her cloak was removed and she stood there whilst the two assistants held her whilst Madame Learube ran her leather gloved fingers tantalisingly over Coral's lovely rubber covered curves.

"What a perfect sight you present my dear! once you have been dressed in rubber," said Madame Sature. "Now we shall test your lovely figure once again. Let us test your strength as well as your breathing."

"See here on the floor is this rubber sack - filled with icy cold water. We will fit this lovely rubber helmet right over your face and head. It is a specially designed helmet with a mouth tube fixed to it from the sack. You will suspend your lovely body over the sack. You will force your booted feet against that bar there at one end of the sack and hold your body over the sack by your arms beneath it. Your head will be pulled back and fastened by a slim length of chain through the crown of the helmet to the floor beneath it. In this way you will be forced to look behind you. Of course your arms will soon get tired - but should you allow your body to rest on the sack a measure of water will be passed through the tube past a valve and so into your mouth. The rest I leave to your imagination."

The gorgeous Coral screamed and struggled as she heard what was to be her fate. The helmet was brought in front of her and fixed over her head and face. It was slipped into position fitting tightly. She could see through two small slits and breathe through two vents let into it over her nostrils. She was forced down onto the sack. The tube from the sack was fixed into the helmet. She felt a quantity of water fill her mouth which she was forced to swallow. Thus with her booted feet resting against the bar she lifted her body off of the sack by forcing her arms straight down beneath her. Her head was pulled back - right back and held in position by the slim chain fixed to the floor. Then a floodlight was switched on in the roof of the dungeon so that it spotlighted the lovely rubber covered body chained to the floor.

Coral was agonisingly placed with her head forced right back and her stiff rubber gloved arms held out straight beneath her. Very soon she began to appreciate the fiendishness of her position. Her arms soon began to tire but she knew that she dare not let them sag or else she would be resting on the sack, and water would

then flow through the tube passed the valve and into her mouth.

Madame Lescrube and Madame Saturn looked down at their utterly helpless captive. At a signal from the two women one of their assistants turned a spray hose on the gorgeously rubber clad Corell. Soon her lovely rubber clothes were made to appear even more glossy than before. The water from the hose began to flow over Corell's rubber covered curves and drip on to the floor beneath her body. Soon the water had made the floor very wet. This made it rather more difficult for her to keep her arms stiff out beneath her. The palms of her hands tended to slip on the smoothness of the hard rubber floor upon which the rubber water sack had been placed.

A few minutes later she was so fatigued her arms buckled under her and she collapsed onto the sack. Every 30 seconds or so a measure of water passed through the tube into Corell's mouth. She was forced to swallow the cold water, right down into her stomach. This happened several times until she was able to force her arms out beneath her once again and her body off of the sack. But her arms were by now so tired that soon they collapsed again so that she fell back onto the sack. More water was forced down into her stomach. She struggled up onto her elbows and by arching her body over the sack she was just able to keep her figure from bearing down on it. But this provided only temporary relief. Soon her elbows started to skid on the wet slippery floor. Once again she fell onto the sack - more and more water was forced into her mouth and down into her stomach. With her head right back right back by the chain she was in a most unenviable position. Gradually the volume of water increased in her stomach. She felt it swelling and expanding under the rubber skin that covered it.

The poor girl was allowed to suffer like this for

15 minutes before she was released from her torturous position. She was unable to stand. Her helmet was removed and she moaned pitifully as Madame Satara pushed cruelly on Coral's stomach. She was eventually dragged away back to the Preparation Chamber.

Chapter V - The Water and Air Suit.

Coral's lovely figure was tended carefully after this hideous lingering torment, and although the aches and pains gradually receded the memory of this particular suffering did not.

She was dressed in a variety of fascinating clothes until the two assistants of Madames Learste and Satara came to take her back to the Preparation Chamber. She was at this time clad in a clinging pair of black rubber latex slacks, black patent leather knee length high heeled boots and a tight sleeved silver lame half jacket. She really did look 'dinky' in this outfit. These clothes magnified her curves splendidly.

Once back in the Preparation Chamber these exotic garments were stripped from her figure and in their place she was dressed quite simply in a pair of golden leather shoulder length gloves. Then over her now naked figure there was draped a full length flashing heavyweight black rubber cloak with an attached hood. Her wrists and ankles were fettered in flashing silver chains that interfered with her already rather uncertain walking.

She was escorted away to a special dungeon where once she had been taken inside, her chains were removed, and she was ordered to take off her wonderful rubber cloak and hood. Then a very curiously designed 'double thickness' suit in heavyshining black rubber was brought from one of the cupboards,

"We shall enjoy seeing you dressed in this very specially designed suit," said Madame Lescote to the lovely Coral. "The last time that we had a lovely model dressed in one we found her reactions tremendously interesting, as I am sure that yours will be too."

"You see my dear Coral," said Madame Sature, "this gorgeous suit has two thicknesses. The inner one will fit quite closely against the curves of your lovely figure, thus thrilling you in the normal way because of the sensitive state of your body. We call the suit - The Air and Water Pressure Suit - Let us fit it on you and then you can see the reason why."

Coral struggled madly as the assistants made to remove her boots and gloves so that she was made entirely naked, but a couple of smart slashes of Madame Sature's whip across Coral's lovely buttocks soon quietened her down.

Swiftly and carefully she was fitted into the suit until it was fitting completely over her figure, the rubber flaps being sealed over the zip down the back of it. Coral was surprised at the weight of the suit. It was heavier than anything that she had been made to wear before. Then a series of rubber tubes were fixed and screwed to various parts of Coral's suit. These tubes were fixed to compressed air and water cylinders. A special double thickness round black rubber helmet was then brought before her. Madame Lescote opened it and showed it to her captive.

"This is the special double thickness helmet which we shall fitt right over your head and face. As you can see it is balloon shaped and you will breathe through this tube which will fit into your mouth. In this way you will be entirely encased in rubber, in a most fascinating way. In a moment we shall open the valves to the water and the air cylinders. It will be in your interests to stand on your toes on the edge of this spill

lift square springboard so that you are not depressing the springs. If you do sink down on your heels you will release the valve on the water cylinder - and water under great pressure will be let into the suit. You will be very much aware of this pressure against your lovely super sensitive figure. Meanwhile we shall chain your wrists and rubber covered arms to this handle which is fixed to the roof. It is a spring handle and providing that you keep it twisted away from you - you will keep it closed - but loosen your grip and you will find that air will enter the double thickness of the suit forcing out the water in a very rapid way. The same will be true if you sink down on your heels- you will force the air out and let the water in. So remember this once you have had your arms chained to the handle and you have been plunged in to darkness by wearing this balloon helmet. The ideal state that you must try for is to remain standing on tip toe on your feet, and forcing the spring handle away from you with your hands. Otherwise you will have your exotically rubber clad figure subjected to alternating pressures of water and air."

Coral screamed and struggled when she heard what her fate was to be, but Madame Lencrue held the girl's nostrils so that she was forced to open her mouth to breathe. The small tube fixed to the helmet was then jammed between her teeth and then the rest of the helmet was drawn on over her head and face and was zipped and fixed into position. The helmet fitted completely over her head and face and the bottom of it was fastened about her neck and throat to the top of the suit. Thus she was plunged into a world of utter darkness completely unable to see. She felt her arms being dragged above her head and fastened to the spring handle. Her feet were then placed on the springboard and finally the height of the spring handle was adjusted so that her arms were held out quite tautly. She tried to remember what the



cruel woman had said - "Keep on your toes and keep the handle twisted away from you." The spring of the handle was quite strong and it took quite a lot of effort to keep it twisted right round. It slipped once and before she knew what was happening she felt the whole suit inflate like a balloon as air rushed into the double thickness under terrific pressure. The effect of the air pressure was horrific - especially on the more sensitive parts of her body and face. She realised that if she lost the rubber tube from between her teeth she would suffocate because there was no other way of breathing.

She struggled to get her fingers round the handle again and force it away from her. Eventually she succeeded in doing this, but in so doing neglected to keep on her toes and therefore she pressed down the springs under the board on which she was standing. This caused water under considerable pressure to flood between the double thickness of her suit, thus like the air exerting a torturous pressure over the whole of her body and head. The rubber of her suit and helmet ballooned out when either the water or the air filled the vacuum between the double thickness.

The pressures were such that she felt paralysed and completely unable to move. This pressure against her torso made breathing a laboured task - and the continued change from hideous air pressure to torturous water pressure, was ghastly in the extreme.

Madames Learube and Satara and their assistants watched the lovely Coral undergo this fiendish torment for quite some time. The build up and the lessening of the water and air pressures was agony, to the lovely creature enclosed inside the special rubber suit. As the pressures increased she wondered each time whether she would have enough breath to remain conscious. Allied to this was the feeling that all the air inside her body was being sucked out when the air was being driven out of the suit

by the water. The sense of remoteness increased each time her head and face were surrounded by icy cold water and fiercely pressurized air. She felt as if she were in another world travelling endlessly onwards but getting nowhere.

Eventually the two women gave the order for Coral to be released. The lovely girl was almost exhausted by the ghastly torment which she had undergone. Her skin was blotchy showing the pressure to which her body had been subjected whilst encased in the rubber suit.

Chapter VI - The Red Pit.

For the next 24 hours every care was lavished on her lovely figure - long soakings in warm scented water - Frequent massaging - both by hand and electric rubber headed stimulator until her skin was brought to a superb sensitive condition. Her make up was very heavily and carefully applied and then she was dressed in a variety of splendidly designed body flattering garments.

Coral continued to be thrilled by the superb clothes in which she was dressed. The stimulation of dressing in exotic garments of leather and rubber was a novel experience which she found herself enjoying more and more. Added to this was the enormous amount of time which was spent on bathing and massage and make up on her shapely body. More and more she felt herself becoming addicted to this super sensitive feeling which now permeated right through the whole of her lovely figure.

Then one day Medama Learate and Satara came and fetched her from one of the Lounging Cells in which she had been placed, and was taken by them to the Dressing Chamber once more.

"It is time my dear Coral," said Medama Satara, "that you took a little exercise in the grounds of this house.

You have led a somewhat lazy life so far - it is time that you undergo a little exertion."

"I think that a tour round the grounds for an hour or so would be just right," continued Madame Learube. "However, the conditions outside are rather wet at the moment so we shall have to dress you in a suitable fashion in order to combat the elements - a beautiful exotic waterproof outfit in shining smooth sleek rubber will be ideal I think."

Coral was then stripped of the black leather high heeled boots and purple slipper satin mini skirted dress that she had been wearing. Then a special rubber support bra was fitted over her mature breasts so that they were held in even more outstanding and shapely positions. Then she was fitted into a smooth brown heavyweight one piece rubber latex suit. Gradually the zip was closed up the back to the collar which fitted closely about her graceful neck. This was then followed by thigh length brown rubber boots and shoulder length gloves. Then over her head and face there was fitted and zipped a close fitting brown rubber latex discipline helmet. Now she was completely covered in rubber from head to foot. The helmet removed all signs of her prettiness and personality and left her a shapely creature immaculately clad in brown rubber. Coral was able to see through two periscope covered eyeslits and was able to hear and breathe through metal vents let into the helmet over her ears and nostrils. Then to finally complete her wonderful rubber outfit a heavyweight gleaming mackintosh of brown rubber latex was slipped on over her already rubber suited figure. It was belted and fastened closely about her splendid rubber covered curves. She looked terrific with her mackintosh fitting so perfectly over her skin tight rubber suit.

She thrilled to the smell and the feel of rubber latex once more, especially when she moved and could feel the rubber of the inside of her mackintosh sliding

deliciously over the rubber of her suit. The helmet fitted sleekly over her head and face and she felt it with her rubber gloved fingers. It had been locked at the back at the base of her neck to the top of her suit so that it was, as usual, impossible to remove it. There was no mouth slit so it was quite impossible for her to speak. Once again the two women captors had made her a helpless rubber clad maiden.

Then silver metal ankle chains were fixed over each of her ankles thus severely restricting her steps. Then her arms were drawn behind her back and chained about her wrists. Finally a broad silver metal collar was fitted and locked about her neck. A length of fine link chain was then fitted to the front and to the back of it. In this was both madames could control the lovely Coral's movements.

She was then left fastened to one of the chairs whilst the cruel women themselves went to dress for their trip outside in the pouring rain.

Fifteen minutes later they reappeared clad in smooth red rubber mackintoshes, boots, gloves and hoods. They unfastened Coral and forced her upstairs and out of the house. At first she was taken aback by the force of the wind and the rain which beat against her rubber clad figure. Soon rivulets of water were coursing down over her rubber covered curves. This added to the shininess of her mackintosh and made her wonderful body look all the more attractive. Her steps were limited by the chains fixed about her ankles and she stumbled along as she felt the chain fixed to the front of her metal collar being pulled forward by Madame Saturo.

"Isn't it a thrilling experience to feel the rain beating down against your sensitive rubber covered figure?" said Madame Lecrube into one of the metal vents positioned in Coral's helmet over one of her ears.

Coral could not deny this as the constant drumming of the rain on her rubber clothes continued. Spots of water had fallen on the perspex of her eye slits thus blurring her vision; but she still managed to look down and see the rivulets of water streaming down over her shapely breasts and down over her hips and thighs.

As soon as the women and their captive left the terrace about the house Coral could feel her booted feet make a squeelching noise as she walked over the rain sodden grass. She was taken along a narrow path and she felt the branches of bushes and trees cascading drops of water over her wonderfully fitting mackintosh, helmet and boots. The surface of the ground had become quite slippery and muddy in places. She found it increasingly difficult to keep her balance especially when one of the women would pull her link chain one way and the other would then pull in the opposite direction. Added to this the chains about her wrists and ankles made it virtually impossible to keep her balance. She shuffled and teetered along and was made to walk over a wooden plank which spanned a fairly fast flowing stream. Coral did her best to keep her balance but the soles of her rubber boots skidded continually on the wet wood and eventually she lost her footing and fell into the stream. The two women could have prevented her losing her balance but they let her fall, and then watched their lovely helpless brown rubber clad prisoner as the water flowed over and around her supple curves, as she struggled valiantly to stand up again. This proved to be quite difficult to achieve because of the chains that fettered her wrists and ankles. Eventually she managed it and staggered to one of the banks of the stream. This, however, was two or three feet high and sloped down to the water's edge. It was terribly slippery and muddy and Madames Learute and Seture laughed as they watched their lovely captive fall over into the mud time and time again, as she made fruitless and unsuccessful attempts to climb up the muddy banks.

Finally they took hold of her neck chains and half pulled half dragged her up the slope until she lay panting almost exhausted on the ground at the top. Her lovely rubber covered breasts heaved up and down in an agitated way as she attempted to recover her normal breathings, but it proved very difficult because of the close fitting rubber discipline helmet that she had been forced to wear.

After a few minutes she - Coral was forced to her feet, her lovely figure flattering mackintosh now smeared considerably with brown sticky mud. Then the journey round the grounds was continued. She slithered, tripped and staggered her way along several paths until she came to the brink of a six foot deep pit with sloping sides. Her wrists were then unchained and her metal collar removed. She was then pushed into the pit and she rolled over and over down the muddy sides until she finished up at the bottom. It took her several seconds to recover from the fall but eventually she looked up to see the hooded rubber dressed women leering down at her.

"We shall leave you down there for an hour or so my dear Coral," said Madame Satura. "Do by all means try and get out - but I think that you will find that it is impossible."

Coral stood in the mud at the bottom of the pit breathing deeply. The rain was still pouring down over her glistening mud bespattered mackintosh. She found that to move at all was difficult because her booted legs had sunk into the mud almost up to her knees. She tried to climb out of the pit but all she could manage were a few steps before one of her booted feet would slip and she would fall back again leaving her lovely rubber clad figure wallowing in the thick sticky oozing brown mud. The mud was now splattered all over her mackintosh, boots,

gloves, helmet and the lower half of her suit. The mud sucked at her legs as she stood there with the drenching rain still pouring down over her fascinating shining rubber covered curves. She tried again and again to climb out of the pit, but the result was always the same - she would finish up at the bottom of it again - sadder and more exhausted than ever.

As the two women captors had said they left the lovely Coral in the Mud Pit for an hour. When they returned she looked a worn and fascinating sight half buried in the sticky mud at the bottom. A rope was thrown down to her and she was then hauled out. When she reached the top of the pit she lay panting and exhausted on the wet grass until she was forced to her feet where her wrists were rechained behind her back and her metal collar refastened about her neck. She was then dragged away back into the house and down into the Dressing Chamber. Here her rubber clothes were stripped and removed from her tired body. Her naked form was then immersed once again in a warm floor level bath full of scented water. This was absolute bliss to her shapely frame.

Chapter VII - A Night in Bondage.

Again there followed a considerable amount of time during which Coral was allowed to recover from her hectic and gruelling period out in the grounds of the house in which she was being held captive. The two cruel women lavished almost careless attention on her lovely shapely frame increasing it's sensitivity to proportions which still continued to tease her. The clothes of leather and rubber in which she was clad only helped to increase this sense of well being. The degree of stimulation which she experienced she found increasingly compelling. It was like getting 'hooked' on a drug. Time passed slowly for Coral and she wondered what would happen to her next.

Madame Leandre and two of her assistants came to Coral's room one evening and took her away to the Dressing Chamber. Here she was stripped of her a-scarlet leather mini skirt, black slipper satin blouse, and black leather skin boots and gloves.

Madame Leandre looked carefully at the gorgeous naked body of Coral before she spoke. She admired the smooth satiny skin of the creature who was her captive. The perfectly formed curves of her body looked so desirable.

"Now Coral - it is only right that your lovely sensitive figure should experience the thrills and joys of being subjected to bondage in rubber. It is part of the scheme of things that you experience the feeling of utter helplessness of being held in bondage over increasing periods of time. Now we shall take your education a little farther by subjecting you to more bondage."

Coral was then amazed at the simply fantastic array of rubber garments which were then brought out of the cupboards and laid on a table before her.

Her nude figure was liberally pondered before dressing was started. The first item caused her discomfort straightaway - it was a pair of black rubber hipster tights with a hard rubber phallus fixed to the inside. The rubber of the tights was strained carefully into position over her lower limbs and hips. The phallus was forced slowly into her vagina until she thought that she would burst. Because the tights fitted so tightly there was no possible chance of the phallus slipping out. It would remain in her lovenest until it was removed. Then attention was switched to her lovely breasts. A special uplift and support bra made of the lightest rubber latex was fitted over

them and fixed in position so that her breasts were held high. Then came the fitting of the cruel bondage suit, of smooth glossy black rubber. It was carefully un-zipped down the back so that it could be fitted over Carol's lovely entrancing curves. But what Carol saw made her gasp with horror; for on the inside of the suit in certain places there were rows and rows of hard rubber spikes. These hard rubber spikes would fit over the very sensitive inside of her thighs - over her buttocks - over her stomach - her breasts - under her arms - and about her neck. The suit - like the tights - was fastened on the inside and then it was carefully fitted over her helpless body. She cried out as she felt the hard rubber spikes start to dig deeply and uncomfortably into her terribly sensitive skin. The pressure of the suit increased steadily as the zip at the back was slowly closed, and when it was secured high at the back of her neck, the cruel bondage suit was beginning to exert it's diabolical discomfort on the highly sensitive figure over which it had been placed. Nothing could be seen to be wrong from the outside but on the inside it was an entirely different picture. She could feel these terribly uncomfortable spikes pressing into the soft flesh of her inner thighs, buttocks, breasts, stomach and arms.

Then came the bondage boots. Beautifully made in shining black rubber these thigh length high heeled boots had a rigid strip of metal right down the length of the back of them which made it absolutely impossible for her to bend her knees once the boots had been fitted over her feet and legs. Then a shoulder length pair of black rubber gloves were drawn on over her arms which pressed the hard rubber spikes even more deeply into the inner sides of her upper arms.

This was followed by the helmet of all helmets - a really severely styled and designed Discipline

Helmet. It was made of heavy smooth black rubber. The zip down the back was unfastened and the helmet was partially turned inside out so that it could be fitted more easily over Coral's head and face. She screamed and tried to struggle as this cruelly designed helmet was brought towards her - but to move vigorously or quickly at all caused agony to her super sensitive frame because it only aggravated the pressure of the hard rubber spikes already pressing deeply into her flesh. The front of her helmet was placed against the front of her throat and then peeled upwards and over her face and head until it was fitting roughly in position. Then carefully the zip was closed an inch or so at a time. This process was helped considerably by one of the assistants smoothing the rubber of the helmet over the lovely girl's face towards the back. This of course caused the rubber helmet to fit very tightly over Coral's head and face, clamping her head as it were, in an unyielding rubber vice. Rubber plugs were then brought before her and Madame Saturn spoke to the helpless girl:

"These are rubber ear plugs my dear Coral," she said. "and once they have been fitted into your ears you will be plunged into a completely soundless world, so it is as well for me to tell you now that you will spend the night dressed in your rubber bondage finery. So just appreciate the fact that your lovely body is so thrillingly clad in black shining rubber."

Madame Saturn was only able to gauge Coral's reaction to what she had said by another bout of painful writhing. The girl was having to learn the hard way. The rubber plugs were then inserted into her ears cutting off all sound completely. The rubber gag which had been pushed into her mouth was then inflated. In this way a small rubber bladder now filled her mouth keeping her jaws apart and her tongue pinioned to the base of her

mouth. The final refinement of the cruel discipline helmet was the complete removal of her sight. Leather pads attached to a strap already fastened to the helmet were positioned over each of her eyes. The strap was then tightened at the back of her head so that those pads were held immovably in place.

Now the lovely Coral Mintara was totally prepared in her ghastly rubber bondage clothes. The hard rubber spikes that dug so deeply into her sensitive flesh became more and more uncomfortable as time passed. All of her senses apart from smell had been removed one by one. She had become a living shapely statue encased in a black rubber world which was sightless and soundless.

The two women and their assistants looked for a few moments at the totally helpless girl before they took her away to spend the night in the Bondage Dungeon. Here she was chained against one of the walls so that her arms and legs were splayed out in the rough form of a cross. Her silver metal chains jangled from time to time as her lovely figure moved in order to counteract creep. But each movement became more and more agonising as the night passed. The helplessness of her position impressed itself on her more and more as time passed. Not a sound could she hear - not a glimmer of light - and there was not the slightest possibility that she could utter any sound at all with the horrid inflated gag filling her mouth. Thus she was to remain for the whole of the night - a helpless chained prisoner clad in shining black rubber. Jets of water were sprayed from time to time over her shapely rubber suited figure making her gleaming rubber covered curves seem more glossy than ever. There was nothing that she could do but to suffer in silence and wait for the morning.

When the morning came she was unchained and returned to the Dressing Chamber where systematically all of her

rubber bondage clothes including her rubber phallus were removed. She was utterly exhausted and crumpled to the floor. Angry red blotches on her sensitive skin showed where the hard rubber spikes had pressed deeply into her skin and flesh. To be able to see and hear again was a wonderful experience for her, but the whole of her body ached intolerably. She was lowered into the warm scented bath again and left to soak. Gradually she felt the warm water begin to restore some sort of life and feeling to her figure, and eventually she was taken out and dried. She was then dressed in a midnight blue heavyweight full length rubber latex nightdress and taken to a bed cell where she was left to sleep on a bed of smooth black rubber sheets. Soon she was fast asleep.

Chapter VIII - The Modern Inquisition.

(a) The Introduction.

Once again a period of time elapsed during which Coral's lovely figure was rehabilitated. The assistants of the two women spared no effort in restoring Coral's shapely frame to a superb peak of sensitivity. She lost count of the number of times that she bathed and massaged and then heavily oiled up. Then there were the fabulous clothes of rubber and leather and occasional slipper and acetate satin. Often she was photographed wearing them. She frequently posed in most exotic and erotic ways- an example of this being - a black leather motor cycle outfit of smooth thigh length high heeled boots - shoulder length gloves - crash helmet and goggles. In this semi nude state she posed provocatively against a gleaming silver metal motorcycle. The combination of silver and black was absolutely fantastic. Soon a large album of photographs of Coral had been gathered and she was frequently left in the Lounging Cell to look at them.

Then Madame Saruba and Madame Learube took her

back to the Dressing Chamber where they gazed once more very appreciatively at Coral's superbly formed curves.

"We have decided to make a film my lovely Coral," said Madame Learube, "and we have chosen you to be the star in it. In fact we others will merely play small supporting roles. The time will be today and will portray a modern Torquemada. You know your history of course - Torquemada was the Grand Inquisitor of Spain - and he questioned heretics - and if their answers were unsatisfactory then he took pains to alter their opinions - so that they would see the error of their ways. And I expect you know what he did in order to make them alter their minds? - they were subjected to fiendish tortures - until they repented or succumbed. Beautiful Spanish creatures were questioned whilst undergoing the most excruciating agonies. Torquemada was interested to see how long they would last out. Now you will be their modern counterpart - Countess Corala Minterne - beautiful daughter of the Count Minterne. Word has been conveyed to the Torquemada - who will be played by Madame Entura - that you are a heretic - You are to be brought before the Torquemada and her Council in order that you may confess and repent of your sins. But like so many daughters of the Spanish nobility you are proud and stubborn and refuse to repent of your evil ways. So will begin your persecution in torment in the dungeons below. It should make an intriguing film should it not?"

"Oh please no - no!!!" begged Coral. "Please let me go! Don't hurt me any more please. I promise that I won't say anything about this house and what has happened to me."

"Stupid creature," retorted Madame Learube, slapping Coral across her face with a leather glove that she had just taken off. "Do you honestly think that we would

release you now? I see that despite all the time that has been spent on preparing your lovely figure and dressing it in exotic clothes you still do not appreciate your new role in life - You are a Slave Model - a model with no independent thoughts of your own - you submit and offer your beautiful figure to whatever experiments we think fit. To be clad in rubber or leather and to be subjected to any task that we desire is all that you should wish for."

"Come," said Madame Sature roughly, "It is time that we prepared you for your part in the Film."

Chapter VIII - The Modern Inquisition

(b) The Film Begins.

The setting is in the dungeons and torture chambers of the castle of La Torquemada - the female descendant of the original Torquemada of the 15th Century. The main dungeon is filled with diabolical instruments and machines of torment. Several braziers send flickering shadows around the dungeon. Chains, ropes and straps hang down all round the walls. The whole place is grim and forbidding - it's eeriness always apparent.

La Torquemada and her attendants enter and take their places. The cruel woman seats herself in a chair placed on a raised dais, with her attendants flanking her on either side. All are clad in forbidding dominant looking leather. La Torquemada herself is clad in a form fitting suit of the smoothest black ope leather. She also wears boots - long gloves and an eye mask which adds to her mysterious appearance.

"Bring in the heretic!" commands La Torquemada of her attendants.

A few seconds later a door to the dungeon opens and a tall shapely beautiful creature is dragged into the chamber. She screams piercingly and struggles and writhes in the grips of the attendants on either side of her. She is the lovely 22 year old Countess Corala Minterne. She is clad in a form fitting full length evening gown of smooth crimson rubber latex. It is shoulderless, backless and strapless affair which reveals the shapeliness of her upper breasts and shows off to very good advantage the rest of these pieces of her anatomy - straining constantly against the clinging rubber. On her arms she wears a pair of shoulder length black rubber latex gloves and on her feet and legs a pair of stilt heeled shiny black leather boots that reach up to her knees. She looks frightened as she stares at La Torquemada and her attendants.

"Countess Corala Minterne," said La Torquemada, "You have been brought here before me as a woman of alleged heretical beliefs - an enemy of the Queen and State. What have you to say?"

"I am innocent of your allegations," returned the Countess in a frightened tone of voice.

"We do not choose to believe you," returns La Torquemada. "We shall persuade you to be more co-operative in a lingering way. We shall crush that proud and rebellious spirit."

"Oh no - no," shrieks the beautiful girl, struggling once again in the grips of the attendants.

Eventually her writhings are quelled and she remains there her shapely bosom rising and falling in an agitated way,

"Strip her naked," orders La Torquemada, "so that we may see the Countess in all her nude glory; before we commence to persuade her."

In a methodical and soft manner accompanied by much screaming and renewed struggling the lovely creature is stripped of her gown leaving her clad in boots and gloves alone. Her beautiful white naked body gleams in the sameness of the dungeon standing there awaiting her fate.

"Such a delightful heretic," says La Torquemada inspecting the Countess. "It will be an interesting process to breakdown your will power until you confess"

La Torquemada smooths her leather gloved hands over the smooth supple skin of the naked Countess - probing - teasing - stimulating in a deliberate and provocative manner. The girl is unable to avoid the prying hands which tweak her nipples - fondle her breasts - pinch the skin on the inside of her thighs - and dwell in between her buttocks and her crotch.

The cruel dominant woman eventually returns to her chair and says:

"The Weights."

Chapter VIII - The Modern Inquisition

(a) The Weights.

The Countess is then dragged under a pulley wheel over which a length of rope is passed. Her wrists are then bound together and fastened to the rope. Her ankles too are roped together and slowly her arms are pulled above her head until they take the whole weight of her

near naked body. She screams as her feet are dragged off of the floor. Higher and higher she is drawn until her superbly booted feet are some seven feet or so above the ground. The strain of being held in this position is bad enough, but a weightholder is fixed to her ankles and weights placed on it to the extent of 10 lbs. Then the rope is allowed to run freely over the pulley wheel for three or four feet until it is stopped with a jerk sending jarring agonising waves of pain through out the whole of the lovely Countess Corala Mintorra's hanging body. The weight of her body and the additional weights attached to her feet stretch the muscles of her arms and her legs diabolically. She screams loudly and her cries are heard all round the dungeon. She is hanging as taut as a bowstring. Her body is hauled up again and a further set of weights added to the weight holder. The rope is released again dropping the lovely girl a distance of six feet before stopping. Her arm and leg joints are all but dislocated this time as the piercing fire like pain courses right through the whole of her figure. She moans pitifully as the weights are swung to and fro thus swinging her shapely figure about like a pendulum for five minutes. By this time she is almost unconscious, and she is cut down and taken away out of the dungeon.

Chapter VIII - The Modern Inquisition.

(a) The Roasting Spit.

Two days later the lovely Countess Corala Mintorra is returned to the Torture Dungeon. La Torquemada looks as forbidding as ever as does her attendant. The gorgeous girl is dressed completely in beautiful black rubber. She wears a skin tight fitting one piece suit, thigh length boots, shoulder length gloves, and a full length heavyweight rubber latex cloak. She presents a

fabulous sight. She looks frightened and is dragged before La Torquemada.

"Countess Corala Minterma," speaks the woman, "We have weightied your lovely figure and you now realise what real pain is - why not be sensible and repent."

"No no," protests the girl, "I cannot - I cannot."

"You have only yourself to blame," retorts La Torquemada.

"Strip her and attach her to The Roasting Spit."

The attendants carry out their Mistresses bidding, and soon the Countess is entirely naked without a stitch of clothing on her body.

"Grease her buttocks - breasts and feet," exclaims the cruel woman.

Handfuls of grease are then applied to the Countess' buttocks, breasts and feet. She is then carried struggling - over to The Roasting Spit. Her arms are strapped behind her back in parallel fashion leaving her greased buttocks uncovered. Her legs are then strapped together and a long seven long metal pole is placed down the centre of her back and body. She is fixed to this pole and is then carried screaming over to the roasting pit. Here the ends of the rod are fastened in the watchot coqs. She is helplessly suspended over a pan of glowing coals which emit a terrific heat upwards on her shapely naked figure. Slowly the rod is turned thus turning her nude body. The agony of the heat builds up and she screams piercingly as she feels the grease melting over her body. The agony has only just begun. How long can she suffer like this? The heat increases

as time passes. She is a living sacrifice.

Ten minutes her cries have become weak pitiful moans, her bare feet - buttocks and breasts have become shades redder than the rest of her body. La Torquemada does not wish to make this torture a lethal one. There is no satisfaction in having a pretty heretic dying on the instruments or machines to which she is attached. A confession must be obtained. So the woman orders the girl to be released. This is done and she crumples to the floor almost lifeless - certainly fatigued and exhausted by her suffering. Her rubber cloak is draped over her naked frame and she is taken away.

Chapter VIII - The Modern Inquisition.

(c) The Ladder.

Three weeks later the beautiful Countess is brought back to the dungeon to face the questioning of La Torquemada once again.

The lovely girl is dressed in an immaculately fitting jet black rubber latex one piece suit - boots - gloves and cloak.

"The Weights and The Roasting Spit," said La Torquemada to the frightened girl. "You have suffered these. Where is the sense of suffering anymore? Repent of your heretical ways and sign the document of confession. What do you say?"

The Countess struggles but shakes her head.

La Torquemada is furious.

"Such stupidity - fix her to the Ladder."



Once more the lovely creature is stripped naked apart from her boots and gloves. She is borne over towards the sloping wooden ladder. She is bound to the upper side of it. She is securely strapped to it so that her booted feet are at a higher level than her head. Leather straps are fastened about her slender ankles - knees - thighs - hips - waist - shoulders and neck. Over her head there has been fastened a close fitting black leather open faced helmet. Fixed through a D ring seen into the crown of it a length of fine link chain is fixed to one of the rungs of the ladder below her head. It is pulled absolutely tight so that she is unable to move her head. Then a piece of absorbent cloth is placed over her mouth which is forced open. Then drops of water are allowed to fall on to the cloth over her wide open mouth. The water gradually percolates through the cloth into her mouth causing her to swallow thus dragging the cloth down into her mouth. This procedure is repeated several times the cloth only being withdrawn when Corala is on the brink of choking. She fights continually for her breath her beautifully shaped breasts heaving up and down in an extremely agitated way. She suffers like this until she is on the brink of exhaustion before she is unstrapped from the ladder and is dragged away.

Chapter VIII - The Modern Inquisition.

(f) The Finale - The Rack.

Some hours later the desirable Countess Corala Winterne is returned to Le Torquemada's Torture Dungeon. She is dragged before the cruel inquisitor for further questioning.

"Your obstinacy has caused you much unnecessary pain my dear Countess," exclaims the cruel woman. "Why not see the error of your ways and repent of your heretical thoughts?"

"I am innocent of your charges," sobs the lovely creature in a low voice, "I am not afraid to suffer."

"Then suffer you shall," snarled La Torquemada.
"You shall suffer the classic of all tortures - THE BACK!!"

At these words Corala starts to scream and struggle. The grasping hands of the attendants seize her cloak and strip it from it's adorning position about her shapely delectable body - to reveal her wearing a superb pair of shiny black patent leather knee length high heeled boots and also a pair of shoulder length gloves. About her curvy torso she wears a brief skin tight fitting black shiny rubber two piece bikini. Her beautiful oiled skin gleams in the flickering lights of the dungeon as she is dragged over to the Rack. The women attendants attired in their black habit ensure that the infamous machine is ready in every way to receive it's lovely prisoner. Countess Corala is laid on the horizontal board and her arms are pulled roughly above her head and ropes are securely fixed about each of her leather gloved wrists. Then likewise her slender booted legs are fastened in ropes about her ankles. She struggles and cries out in a cracked manner as the ropes are turned round each of the rollers. Inch by inch the rollers turn gradually taking up the slack until the first strains of pressure are being exerted on the lovely creature's arms and legs. Her gorgeous figure is shapeliness personified - and held as it is on the Rack it is able to be admired constantly.

Tighter and tighter turn the ropes increasing all the time the diabolical strain that is being placed on the whole of the Countess Corala's lovely body. The horizontal board is removed from beneath her thus placing the whole weight of her frame on the ropes which encircle her wrists and ankles. She finds breathing more and more

difficult as the pressure increases. She fights to force air down into her stretched lungs. The effort becomes greater and greater and she fears that her shapely body will be torn in two.

The movement of the rollers is halted when her arms and legs are held within a hairbreadth of dislocation. Her muscles ripple with the strain which is being placed on them. Her hand aches back because of lack of support. The rollers are eased and the strain lessens for a few minutes. Then they are slowly tightened again - gradually building up the pressure until once more she is fighting for her breath. No screams come from her mouth now - only throaty gargling. The pain and agony is excruciating. This torment is continued for another half an hour before she is finally released - her spirit broken and very nearly her body too!

She is dragged before La Torquemada once again - she feels as if every joint and muscle in her body has been torn apart - the whole of her lovely figure aches from head to foot. The flashing rubber clock is replaced over her figure and La Torquemada speaks to her:

"Countess Gerda Winterm are you now ready to repent of your heresy? - or shall we put you back on the Rack and turn the ropes until we dislocate your joints and tear your muscles one by one. Your lovely figure would be of no use to anyone then!"

"I admit my sin and repent of my evil ways," the Countess says in a low hesitant voice. "Please let me go - please do not put me on the Rack again I could not stand it."

"Take her away to sign the Document of Confession," and then return her home dressed in shining black rubber and with bondage chains fastened to wrists and ankles".

End of Film.

Chapter II - The Statue.

It took Coral several days to recover from the torturous effects of being the main character in the film of La Torquemada and her victim which she had been forced to undergo and play. Yet once more her shapely body was pampered and treated until it was brought back to the highest peaks of sensitivity. Continuous sessions of being clad in exotic garments of leather and rubber never ceased to thrill her. Quite often she was taken to the Photograph Salon and photographed in these clothes. She enjoyed these sessions and she posed in deliberate and sexy ways because the clothes thrilled her so.

Then one day she was taken to the Preparation Chamber and dressed quite simply. She wore a pair of purple leather knee length high hoodboots, shoulder length gloves and a beautiful full length purple rubber latex semi mackintosh. This garment was belted very closely about her waist making it appear even more slender than it was. It also made her breasts seem more shapely for they dented the smooth rubber in a thrilling way. Whenever she moved the gorgeous mackintosh gleamed and flashed in a fantastic way.

She was led away down to the dungeons again and she was taken into one then where she was confronted with the sight of a silver metal statue shaped in the form of a girl's figure. The smooth silver metal shone almost as much as the sleek rubber of Coral's mackintosh.

"No doubt you are mystified by dear Coral," said Madame Sature. "The Silver Statue provides one of our most delightful experiments and torments. This particular one is just your size. Once you have been fitted inside it you will be absolutely helpless and entirely at our mercy. It will provide us with a very reliable guide as to the way your body reacts to extremes of

temperature. It will also provide you with ample time to meditate upon your new role in life -- that of a shapely Slave Model - whose lovely body is constantly held at the highest peaks of sensitivity and dressed in the most exquisite clothes of smooth rubber and leather."

Then the silver statue was unlocked and split in half. This revealed the inside of the body part lined with softest black rubber latex. The helmet part had a spiked metal gag which could be forced into the mouth of the creature who was placed inside. This was to be the fate of the lovely Coral Winter. She had her shining purple rubber maxi mackintosh unbelted and removed from her curvaceous figure and her boots and gloves were also removed thus leaving her absolutely naked, and ready for the torment of the Silver Statue.

She was fitted into the rear half of the statue and leather straps were fastened across her figure thus pinning her in place. She could hardly move and her eyes were full of terror as she struggled fruitlessly in efforts to loosen the straps and escape. Then the front half of the statue was swung across her body and slowly and methodically screwed into position. The helmet part was also fixed about her head and face and the spiked barb forced into her mouth. This effectively silenced any cries that she tried to make. Now the whole of her shapely figure was locked in the statue ready to suffer.

The assistants of the two cruel women then attached hoses to various parts of the statue. They were fixed over the particularly sensitive parts of Coral's figure - her breasts - her navel - the inside of her thighs - her neck - her shoulders - her crotch - her buttocks etc. First of all icy cold water was passed through the hoses so that her body was soaked. This was followed by gradually increasing blasts of hot air and steam which soon dried the water. Thus the temperature of the

surface of her body was being varied alarmingly and in a torturous way. Her body would be soaked with water again and then the process of drying her by steam would be carried out again. Sometimes extra powerful blasts or jets of steam would be ejected through only one or two of the hoses. Thus she would feel a searing blast of steam through the hoses fixed to the statue over her lovely shapely breasts. Another time it would be over her buttocks or her navel and so. This torment was kept up for some little time with all the variations possible being meted out to her utterly helpless figure enclosed inside the silver statue. The spiked gag inside her mouth kept her tongue well in check for she had no wish to impale on those very sharp spikes.

Madames Saruta and Lourde amused themselves with Coral in this way for nearly an hour. As the women had promised sometimes she was left just to meditate her position - then they would recommence the torment again. Eventually, however, they had her released and taken fatigued and utterly exhausted to the Preparation Chamber.

Chapter X - Lethal Fantasy.

Two or three days later Coral felt much recovered from her torment in the Silver Statue. Her figure was again tingling with sensitivity and she had been clad in the usual variety of exotic clothes. Then one day she was clad in a silver leather outfit. She wore a pair of knee length high heeled silver leather boots, a pair of silver leather shoulder length gloves - a pair of skin tight silver leather breeches and a silver satin choker band about her neck. Over her proud protruding nipples there had been placed smooth silver metal caps. As she walked her breasts shimmered delightfully causing the silver metal nipple caps to reflect the light wonderfully. Over these clothes she had fitted a full length silver

rubber latex maxi mackintosh. It was buckled and buttoned tightly about her curvaceous figure and it looked a superb garment and threw into relief the sumptuous curves that it covered so entrancingly. The high collar was turned up about her heavily made up face. A silver leather mouth gag was forced into Coral's mouth and fastened securely at the back of her head. This gag immobilised the lower half of her face and made it quite impossible for her to speak or even utter a word. She looked a fabulous sight standing there in all her silver leather and rubber finery.

She was led away to the dungeons once more and to a special sound proof one. All round the walls there were different types of speakers. In the middle of the dungeon there was a sloping chair covered in sleek black leather with various straps so that whoever sat in it could be securely bound.

Coral was ordered to take off her flashing silver maxi mackintosh and this she did slowly enjoying the feeling of the smooth rubber lining against her piled sleek locking skin. She was told to seat herself in the chair and this she did carefully. Then the straps were adjusted over her lovely curves so that she was held a virtually immovable prisoner in it. Her lovely booted legs were strapped together and to the base of the chair about her ankles, above her knees and about her thighs. A smooth broad leather strap was tightened about her slender waist and other straps about her shoulders and neck. Her hands and arms were secured to their arms rests. She found that it was almost impossible to move - she could breathe easily enough but any positive movement was out of the question.

Then Madame Learube placed a pair of earphones over her captive's ears. The two cruel women inspected their lovely prisoner - she seemed satisfactorily secured for their purpose and requirements.

The two women then went behind a specially designed console with special tape recorders, amplifiers, turntables etc and spoke into a microphone which was connected to the earphones fitted over Coral's ears.

"We trust that you are comfortably settled in your chair my dear Coral," said Madame Saturn ingratiatingly. "You will remain in it for the next two or three hours whilst we paint pictures in sound and vision in a way which I am sure that will frighten you considerably. Of course as one of our slave models you must steel yourself - or are you so soft that we shall turn you into a gibbering demented creature. We shall have to see about that."

Coral's eyes were again full of horror - what was going to happen to her. The first session was to be sound only as leather pads were fastened over her eyes making her completely blind.

For a while there was quietness that quietly there was sombre music played through her earphones. After a few minutes this music died away and Madame Saturn began to speak:

"Picture yourself dressed for a very special Ball, a 'Boot Ball' - where all the girls who have been invited have to wear boots. You have chosen to wear a flashing pair of black patent leather high heeled boots, under a sleek skin tight fitting gown of golden slipper satin. You have also put on a lovely pair of smooth black leather shoulder length gloves. You are really set up for a lovely evening, but on the way to the Ball you are captured by a secret organisation known as 'The Friends of the Whip' whose one aim in life is to capture beautiful young shapely girls like yourself and flog their bodies until they are dead, or until they have suffered so much that they wish for the happy release that death will bring. You are dragged down to their

dungeon and you can feel their heads sliding all over you prying - teasing - probing - twerking. Your arms are pulled up above your head and fastened to the top of a Whipping Post so that you are facing it. The bottom of your gown is lifted up and your booted ankles are roped to the base of the post. You hear the crack of a whip and you scream but nothing happens. The whip cracks again but still nothing happens - but the third time it does - a searing white hot pain strikes right across your back ripping through the fabric of your satin gown and through your skin and into the flesh beneath. Another blow strikes you a little lower down on your back with the same painful effect. Some ten blows in all fall across your back ripping and tearing the gown until your blood is running down your back freely as a result of the lashing."

To create and give the right atmosphere as the woman spoke - each hissing crack of the whip could be heard by Carol through her earphones followed by the terrifying screams of the recipient.

"With your blood now flowing down your back attention is switched to those beautiful buttocks of yours so closely encased in golden slipper satin. You feel a split bamboo cane being method over the satin - You feel it moving down over each buttock and down into the deep cleft in between - Then you feel the cane drumming lightly on each buttock in turn - Gradually the drumming becomes a beating as the blows increase in severity and rapidity. Soon the cane is striking violently down across your lovely fleshy buttocks making them jump terrifically under the blows which are administered to them. You are now struggling to avoid these agonizing blows screaming with terror and pain as each blow descends. Soon the tightly fitting satin of the gown is ripped and torn. Now your lovely white flesh beneath is revealed and the cane beats a wicked tattoo in this sensitive skin forming marks of intricate patterns across and into



your flesh. Another one of the Fiends takes over for the first one has grown tired and his blows are not as strong as they were. Up and down over your buttocks the cane strikes ripping and tearing at the gown and your flesh beneath. The pain almost unbearable - your back and bottom feel as if they are on fire.

When your rich red blood is flowing freely you are unroped from the Post and turned round so that you have your back to the post. As the straps about your wrists are released you struggle to the floor but you are roughly pulled up again and strapped once more to the post. By this time you are drenched with pain but your sufferings are far from finished. Your beautiful breasts which are heaving up and down most agonizingly are carefully inspected by another Fiend holding a flexible wire lashed whip. She fondles your tits in a teasing way making your nipples harden with desire. Then she strokes the wire lashes across the center of each of your proud outstanding breasts. Then she lashes the wire lashes gently against your nipples but as she continues to do so the blows get harder and faster until she is raining blow upon blow on them. Soon the close fitting satin of your gown is torn revealing the white pulsating flesh beneath. Soon there is hardly a scrap of your gown left in place over your breasts for it has been torn completely away by the wire lashes. You scream and scream in terror and pain but no respite is given you. Another whip with pointed barbs down its length is then used on your now heaving blood smeared breasts. With a snarl running this lash is laid across your breasts time and time again ripping and tearing the flesh away leaving trails of your lovely red blood to flow down the undersides and down across your shins to your ankles and thighs. You strain vigorously in your bonds to try and find some ease - some way of avoiding these terrible blows. But there is no respite for you. You have a shapely body and the Fiends of the Ship are delighted in making it covered with a curious sort of awfully infected wounds.

Then attention is turned to the smooth skin of your stomach. A couple of blows from the whip and the gleaming satin of your gown that covered this part of your figure is removed. The long raw hide lash of the whip chastises you thoroughly. Soon the skin is split and the flesh beneath is savaged. Your screams become more demonic until you faint. But you are to be allowed no respite from your pain. You are revived so that you may continue to be aware of what is happening to your lovely shapely body. Then the blood from the many wounds caused by the whips is trickling down both the back and the front of your torso you are released from the Whipping Post and dragged to the centre of the dungeon where your arms and legs are dragged out in the rough form of a cross. Ropes then are fastened about your ankles and wrists so that your limbs are held in those outstretched positions and the flogging then continues. Across your upper arms and legs the lash falls ripping and tearing at your skin and flesh. A Cat O'Nine Tails is used against your already bloody back making it even worse - a mass of torn and bruised and bloody flesh. Then the the most fiendish act of all. The tip of the lash is deliberately aimed at your love seat lips and the soft tender skin of the inside of your thighs. At each blow you faint but each time you are revived. With blood pouring from almost every part of your body wave upon wave of pain sweeps over your senses. How much more of this treatment can you take you wonder as you once more slide into unconsciousness."

As Coral heard the agonised screams through the earphones she strained and heaved in her bonds that secured her to the chair. But she could not escape. The atmosphere created had been almost real and she was ~~beginning~~ to wonder whether you could feel blood running ~~down~~ her sensitive skin.

Then her blindfold was removed and she looked down at her lovely near naked body and sighed with relief when

she found that nothing had actually happened to it as she had imagined. She lay back in the chair with her eyes closed thankful that they cruel whips which had been so realistically described had not fallen upon her lovely smooth sensitive skin and flesh.

The two cruel women smiled as she was unfastened from the chair and her silver rubber Nazi sackintosh replaced over her shapely figure. Then she was returned to the Preparation Chamber..

Chapter XI - Possession by Force.

Two or three hours later the two women had Coral brought to their own private bedroom. It was decorated with heavy full length satin drapes and a large double bed covered with satin sheets. Coral was wearing an exotic costume of blue - blue patent leather high heeled knee length boots - a blue slipper satin wind skirted high necked tight sleeved dress and a three quarter length royal blue leather cloak.

Madame Leorube spoke to Coral as she walked into the centre of the room:

"Madame Saruba and I never cease to wonder at the shapeliness of your figure and how wonderful you look once we have had you dressed in our exotic body pulsating models. You have experienced enough to know that you are in our complete control and that we can do absolutely anything we like to you. Thus you shall give yourself to us in turn as you lay on the bed - you will join us in making love to one another - this will be your complete consummation as a slave model - to give yourself utterly to Madame Saruba and I. Come lay yourself down between us."

Coral stood there her flashing royal blue leather

clock gleaming in the lights of the bedroom, wondering whether she had heard Madame Learube correctly. She was being commended to become a lesbian, and indulge in lesbian practices. Much as she had suffered at the hands of the two women the thought of letting them make love to her was abhorrent.

"Oh no - no I couldn't," she burst out after a few seconds, when the full portent of what Madame Learube had said had sunk in - "Please leave me alone - please."

"Insolent bitch," counted Madame Sharbn, getting up and striking Coral savagely across the face with one of her leather gloves. "If you will not co-operate willingly then we shall have you possessed very much against your will - and not only on a single occasion. We shall have you mechanically possessed - once every hour to make you regret your obstinacy. I thought that you would have had the sense to see that by now Madame Learube and I have complete and utter control over your lovely figure. It is such a shame that you have to be 'finally convinced' in such a painful and lingering way. At the end of it all you will wish that you hadn't been quite so stupid."

Screaming and struggling the gleamorous Coral was taken out of the bedroom and back to the Preparation Chamber. Here commenced one of the longest and most concentrated periods of preparation that she had experienced since she had become a slave model. The attention paid to her shapely figure was methodical - massage - bathing - make up etc. - and then finally she was dressed.

First of all an immediate looking and fitting pair of thigh length black patent leather boots with splendid high heels were fitted over her feet and legs. These boots really did fit in an amazing way. They clung almost skin tight over the shapely curves of her legs

crinkling only at her elbows and her knees. Then a pair of soft black glove kid leather shoulder length gloves were slowly rolled over her fingers and hands and up her arms until the tops of the gloves were fitting almost under her armpits. Then there followed a black rubber bikini - the top of which held her breasts in lines of outstanding shapeliness. Then there came a cruel looking black rubber discipline helmet. It was methodically fitted over her head and face despite her screams and protests. The zip was closed down the back of the helmet and was locked to the wide neckband which fitted about her throat and neck. Then finally a beautiful shining and flashing black rubber latex semi mackintosh was slipped on over her bikini - booted and gloved body. It was secured about her shapely curves in a provocative and sensuous way. Her curves, especially her breasts, waist and hips were magnified in a shapely wonderful manner, making her look most desirable as she stood there a little unsteadily on the stiff heels of the magnificent thigh length boots that she was wearing. Her wrists were chained together behind her back and she was led away out of the Preparation Chamber down to the dungeons. The slightest movement of her lovely body caused her black rubber semi mackintosh to crinkle and gleam in a wonderful way making her look a most desirable creature in every way.

Eventually a dungeon was reached. It was a dungeon that was dimly lit with red lamps and flickering braziers. From the walls there hung a variety of chains and ropes that could hold lovely prisoners in utterly helpless positions.

In the middle of the dungeon there was positioned a peculiar looking piece of equipment of wood and metal and it was towards this that the selected Coral was dragged.

"This is the Love Couch to which your shapely body will be attached," whispered Master Leader into the

girl's ear. "Here you will lay for as long as we wish. Really you should have obeyed our wishes - this way is much more uncomfortable."

Then with great deliberation Carol's black rubber maxi mackintosh was unfastened and taken off as was her bikini top and bottom. Then she was forced to lean forward and let her lovely shapely naked 41 inch breasts swing to and fro. Madame Satana smoothed her rubber gloved hands over them pulling and stretching them in a most uncomfortable way. The cruel women pulled each breast into an elongated shape whilst Madame Leardo fitted a circular band of extremely strong elasticated rubber over the base of each shapely orb. Then the women released the rubber band it snapped tight about the soft and yielding skin and flesh, so that the centre of each breast stood out in a most prominent position. The pressure of the rubber bands was quite considerable and Carol was very much aware of this. She was made to stand up straight on the high heels of her boots once again. Then she was forced to lay her shapely frame on the piece of apparatus known as The Love Couch. It shaped rather like the letter Y. Her thigh length booted legs were fixed along each of the prongs of the Y. Her legs were fastened securely by silver metal bands over her ankles and lower thighs. Her gloved arms were fastened down on opposite sides of the apparatus with adjustable chains over her wrists and metal bands over her upper arms. Her rubber discipline helmet was fixed down with a length of fine link chain fastened through a metal D ring even into the crown of the helmet, and fixed down to the couch behind her head. Thus in this manner she was hardly able to move.

For several minutes the two evil women busied themselves in preparation about their helpless victims. She could not turn her head and could only look up at the roof helplessly. She was a gagged and helmeted prisoner

entirely at the mercy of her captors. Her lovely near naked figure strained in the bands and the chains which held her on the horizontal couch. How was she to suffer?

Across the bottom of each prong of the Y shaped apparatus there was locked a metal bar. Through the centre of this bar there was fixed a metal screw threaded rod, and by turning a handle on the bottom side of it, that is the side opposite to Coral's pinioned figure, the length of the rod on either side could be varied.

On the other end of the rod to that of the handle there had been fixed a smooth hard rubber phallus. It was almost twelve inches long and it's diameter grew larger along it's length from a mere $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch at it's tip to two inches at it's end.

The lovely Coral was then bathed in a powerful spotlight focussed on her body from the roof. She could hardly see anything. She was fully aware of something going on at her feet. Madame Saturo was slowly turning the phallus tipped rod driving it nearer and nearer to Coral's exposed and defenceless crotch.

Madame Lecrube stood at the side of the couch and fondled Coral's studly rubber banded breasts.

"I don't think that you will have ever been possessed in such a comprehensive way as this," she said.

The smooth rubber phallus was getting closer and closer to Coral's love nest. She strained vigorously as she felt the tip of it entering her vagina. Her struggles were of no account however, as the phallus was screwed further and further into her, until a good threequarters of it was inside her. Then came the period of rhythmic moving of the phallus up and down inside

her - exciting her enormously - until she achieved her climax.

She lay there on the Low Couch - comprehensively possessed. There was no way of telling how she had reacted to this forceful possession apart from the straining of her lovely body against the chains as she came to her climax.

An hour later the same process began again. This time the stubs of two pieces of candles were fitted over each of Carol's nipples. The wicks of the candles were then lit and a few minutes later her shapely figure heaved in agony as she felt the hot seeping liquid wax spreading over the sensitive skin and flesh of her breasts. Meanwhile the rubber phallus was once again forcing its way inside her body before it started being screwed up and down gradually bringing her to another fearful climax, whilst the wavering flames of the candles burnt above her nipples melting the wax so that it caused the most exquisite agony. This was a diabolical and fiendish torment that the two women were meting out to their lovely victim. She was an astonishing sight laying chained down on the couch - a near naked body with a close fitting rubber discipline helmet fixed over her head and face.

Madamame Saruta and Leatrice looked down at poor Carol noting the shapely curves of her lovely figure. The candles were removed from her nipples leaving trails of solidified wax and grease which had spread over her well formed breasts. The agony of the liquid wax must have been acute.

An hour later she was mechanically possessed a third time. This time she was deliberately held back by the motion of the phallus - thus denying her the fulfillment of a climax. Over her naked nipples serrated jawed metal spring clips had been fixed - thus squeezing in a

terrifying way the soft sensitive pieces of flesh. To heighten Coral's suffering Madame Learute could pull and twist the spring clips and the squashed pieces of flesh held so cruelly in the jaws; at the same time as Madame Satara scroved the large rubber phallus right into Coral's love nest bringing her to her third and final climax.

Coral Mintern lay there on the verge of unconsciousness having been forcibly possessed three times in the cruellest possible ways. Her shapely frame was unfastened from the Love Couch and dragged away back to the Preparation Chamber. There was no doubt now that she would comply with any of the wishes of Madame Satara and Learute. She would do anything for them rather than suffer on the Love Couch again.

The lovely mind and body of Coral Mintern had been finally broken by her two cruel captors. Her body was theirs with which to do anything.

The End.

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